

The YOUNG WOMAN That DOESN'T LIVE in a SHOE And Has SO MANY Children—BUT KNOWS What to Do.

16 Children—

One Mother of Forty Owns Them All and One Happy Brooklyn Home Holds Them.

They Eat—

A Dinner of Sixteen Pounds of Roast Beef, 2 Chickens, 2 Gallons of Soup, 1 Peck of Potatoes, 5 Heads of Cabbage, 3 Pies, 1 Big Poundcake, 2 Gallons of Ice Cream and 1 Gallon of Coffee.

They Wear—

In One Year, 92 Pairs of Shoes, 280 Pairs of Stockings, 64 Girls' Frocks, 40 Boys' Suits, 32 Hats, 80 Suits of Underwear, 8 Overcoats and 8 Girls' Coats.

They Cost—

For Christmas Presents Alone the Mother Must Expend Over \$300 on Them.

The Mother—

Her Philosophy of Life Is: "Marry for Love and Love Will Make All Things Easy. Don't Worry."

THE Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe may vacillate her pediculate. She was a wretched incompetent who did not know her business. She has been pining off on a dozen or more confiding generations worries and bothers that have no existence. There is no such thing as having so many children you don't know what to do.

The more the merrier! Let them come along as fast as possible on one another's heels, and each succeeding olive branch will only lighten your cares.

If you don't believe it, ask Mrs. Leudesdorf! She can give you all the data!

She is the mother of sixteen, and just turned forty. And, with her philosophy the prospect of a long line of little Leudesdorfs seems entirely probable.

She was eighteen when she married Emanuel Leudesdorf and she looks now scarcely older than her first-born of twenty-three.

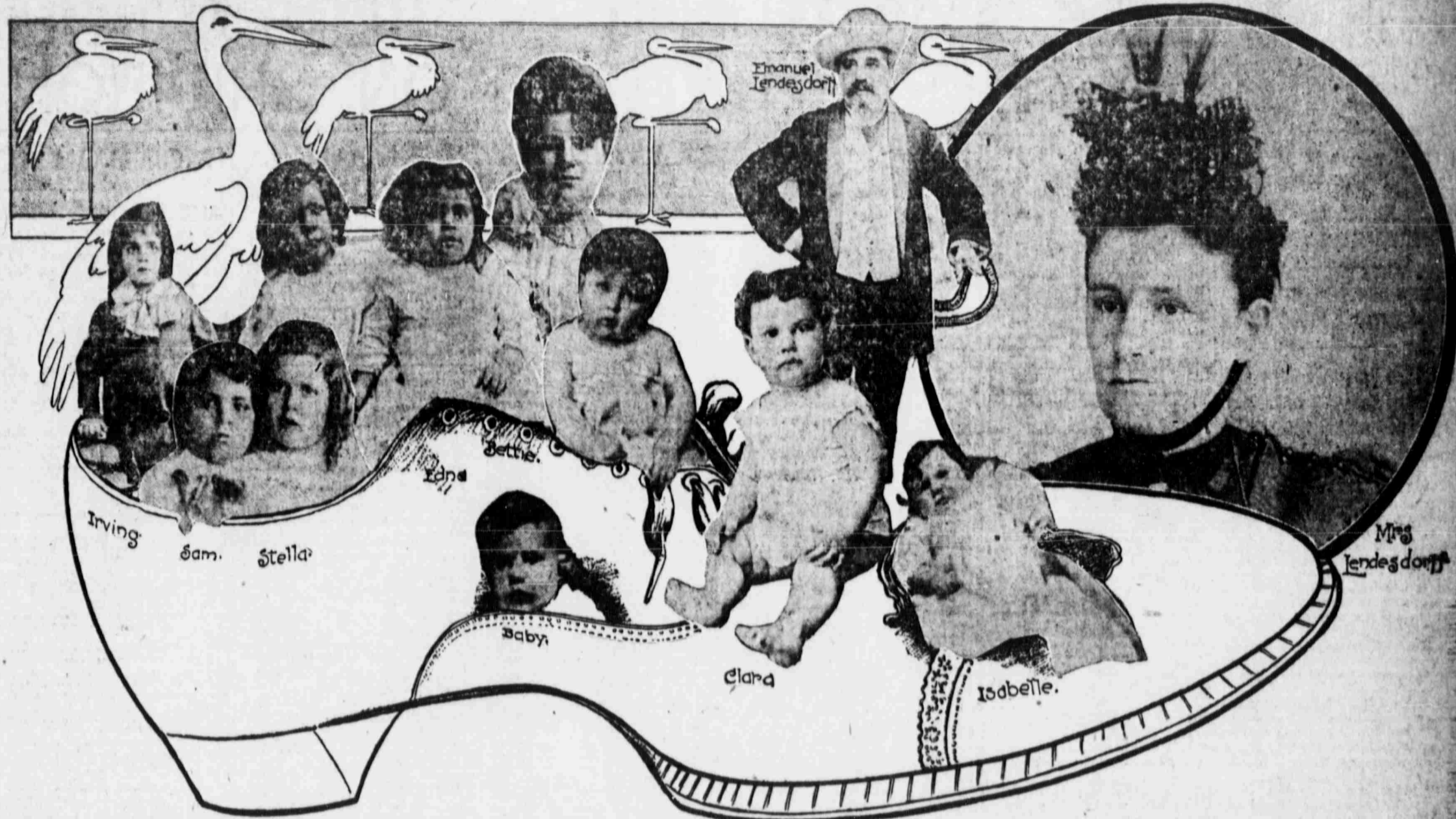
And the science to which she has reduced the art of juggling half a dozen babies, without exciting the jealousies of any, of clothing three charming girls who are "coming on" as well as brooding all the rest of the small fry, of both sexes, of housing a family that overlaps any ordinary dwelling place, of cooking for the entire establishment, of carrying for the tribe and waiting on them at meals, of arousing them in the morning and tucking them up at night, of preserving order—in short, being the pivotal point, the beginning and the end, of sixteen young lives, would be a liberal education to any hotel man or institution matron.

But Mrs. Leudesdorf says it is no trouble.

A Day with the Family.

In order to thoroughly understand the contract which our friend of the Shoe so basely shirked and this cheerful Brooklyn matron so lightly assumes a reporter for The Evening World spent an entire day in the Leudesdorf household, at No. 414 McDonough street, and watched "the wheels go round."

To begin with No. 414 is not an ordinary house. It is quite innocent in appearance—brownstone front, three stories and basement—but it is only when you are on the inside that you realize its capacity. It is a two-family affair. The Leudesdorfs claim requires eleven bedrooms. And, at that, a



drawer, son. Yes, I'll comb your hair, Minnie."

Five minutes later Mrs. Leudesdorf was presiding over the breakfast table as calm and untroubled as though she had not superintended ten toddlers, and several incontinent feds, tested the oatmeal, set the rolls to heat in the oven and given the finishing touch to the coffee.

"By the time my children are three years old," she said apologetically, "they can always dress themselves. The family is too big to pamper any of them. As they grow older they help each other."

"But after you learn you can teach Flossie," was the clinching argument.

The Breakfast.

The lesson had scarcely begun when a cry came from the basement: "Mother, does it bolt ten minutes or twenty?"—the girls were trying to help by getting breakfast, as the new baby, you know, might need mother.

"I say, mother, smashed my shoe-lace; got another?" floated from a room on the right.

"I said ten minutes, and I'll be down there presently. Lower left hand

The instant the chairs were shoved back a scramble for school books engulfed the mother's attention. She directed the search for hats and coats, and nine shining faces shortly presented themselves to be kissed.

"But we must just look at the Teddy baby. Perhaps he's awake."

"He is and has been for some time now, but is far too wise to make any great demonstration over the matter. He is a Leudesdorf and knows what is expected of him."

"Where's his teeth?" No one but small Ignatius could be guilty of such a question. All the others are versed in baby lore.

"Gooose!" from seven-year-old Blanche with lofty scorn. "They're inside your nose."

"Will his nose grow any bigger?" "Isn't he just like me, mother?"

Off to School.

A deluge of questions which Mrs. Leudesdorf punctuated with a reply here and there. She says their ques-

tioned the passage to the point door, and they passed quickly up the steps and into the house while the man closed the door behind them immediately.

"Now make as little noise as possible," he whispered.

Then to Madeline he put a trap question. "Did you see my father's room?" he asked.

"I don't know," she whispered in reply. "This one!" answered Harold Fenton, in the same breath. "At least," he added, greatly confused, "I think so."

"So it is," answered Merrill, seeming to take no more notice of the answer. "Madeline strained her eyes in the darkness in the direction of her lover, wondering how he could possibly have known."

"How did you know that, Harold?" she whispered, and the detective was furtive at her asking the question. "I didn't know it, Madeline. I only guessed it would probably be his room, as it is the most likely one for an office."

"I think you had better not come into the room at first, Miss Bentley," said Merrill, with more consideration for Madeline's feelings than he had yet shown. "Adams and I will make the search."

"I'm not afraid, thank you," said Merrill, said Madeline, bravely. "And I'll just as you please, Adams, show your lantern here."

The man flashed a bull's-eye lantern on to the door and examined the fastenings. It was locked from the outside and the key still remained in the lock.

The detective turned it, and taking the lantern from the other man opened the door and entered. Adams followed him closely and Madeline came after them. Before she could enter the room, however, Merrill uttered an exclamation and drew back.

"Miss Bentley, you must prepare yourself for the worst," he said solemnly and respectfully. "There is death in the room. Adams go at once for a doctor and then run to the station and tell the captain."

He flashed the light for a moment on Harold's face as if by accident. It was white and drawn and terror-stricken.

(To Be Continued.)

at Mrs. Leudesdorf's right peace reigned.

"Mother!" listened to all the school stories. In childish quarrels which did not occur within her own dominion, however, she declined to take any part.

The Mending.

When the house was rid of her noisy brood again the mending was brought out. A mountainous array of stockings of all sizes and lengths, in all stages of dissolution, was brought out. And just here Mrs. Leudesdorf introduced the second important precept of her household rule.

Her specialty seems to be the over-throw of time-honored proverbs. Her action in the matter of the socks is the best illustration of how much better she has in the power of "the hand that rocks." Another idea which she finds wholly impracticable is that about the "silly in time."

"I don't believe in wasting mending," she explained. "I buy cheap stockings, for instance, and throw them away when they are at all badly worn. I buy children's feet and my patience, and I find it no more expensive in the end."

All the clothing is bought ready made, but the garments of the older children are cut down for the younger; innumerable patches have to be put into small trousers, and the underwear kept in order. The girls, under mother's direction, do the lighter work, but anything the regular mending thought she looks after herself.

"Now it is time to see about dinner," said Mrs. Leudesdorf when the last little flock was neatly folded and laid away. Many things had been discarded, view that remaining there would waste more than it would save.

"Why, no. You see it is not half so much work as you would think to look after a big family. It is so large that it almost looks after itself. I could easily take an afternoon nap if I cared about it—but where she could have contrived to sandwich this indulgence between her duties is a puzzle it takes a Mrs. Leudesdorf to solve.

At Dinner Time.

The children poured in from school only to distribute themselves in play. Watching Teddy or tending Isabelle was considered a treat. Mrs. Leudesdorf does not believe in making any one child a slave to a baby brother or sister, so that what all share is a pleasure, not a hardship.

Dinner was the event of the day as far as the children were concerned. It was just an ordinary menu, but a list of the provisions with the amount necessary of each will give a faint idea of the cost of providing food for this family.

16 pounds of roast beef.
2 chickens.
2 gallons of soup.
1 peck of potatoes.
1 peck of beans.
5 heads of cabbage.
3 pies.
1 big poundcake.
2 gallons of ice cream.
1 gallon of coffee.

There were no second calls to dinner. All were in, ready for the evening meal, and very soon after it was over the small children were ready to slip off to bed. When the last little person had been tucked in, Mrs. Leudesdorf sat down to enjoy an evening paper.

By 9.30 the Leudesdorfs house is quiet and all the members of the family in bed.

The Mother's Philosophy.

Mrs. Leudesdorf's philosophy of life is simple.

"Emanuel didn't have much and I didn't have much. We did not marry for money. We married for love."

"If you marry for love and love your husband you will build the home in accordance with his ideals. Love will make all things easy."

In these two statements Mrs. Leudesdorf gave the key to marital happiness from her viewpoint, and if ever a woman could speak with authority, having experience, she can.

"Of course I cut out much that other women think necessary to happiness. For instance, I don't worry."

"Well, gossiping for one thing. I have no time. Society? I have no time for social duties, and I have enough of society at home."

"I go to bed early."

"My recreations? They are few. In the winter I go to the matinee every Saturday afternoon. In the summer I spend one afternoon a week at the beach. I leave all the children at home when on these outings."

"Above all, I don't worry. If I do, I would die."

"If The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe" can make any showing in her defense, now is her chance!

Beauty Hints.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

For Acid Burns.

Dear Miss Ayer:

How can I remove the scars of carbolic acid, lately accidentally applied to my face? A. M. M.

Go to a surgeon who understands effacing the effect of carbolic acid burns. Try this formula, which may help you. Lardine, 5 grams; sweet almond oil, 5 grams; sulphur precipitate, 5 grams; oxide of zinc, 11.3 grams; extract of violet, 10 drops. Apply a very little of the cream to each pimple; wait until the pimples are cured before using the face brush, which might irritate them.

Peroxide for Hair.

Dear Miss Ayer:

Will peroxide in the water you wash the hair with be better than ammonia to lighten it? S. D.

Ammonia used continually will dry the hair too much. Use with peroxide. It will absolutely destroy it. You can keep your hair light without hurting the constitution of the hair by washing thoroughly, without ammonia, try it, and then wash it with a compound of water to two tablespoonfuls of pure peroxide of hydrogen.

Cure for Pimples.

3. To cure pimples try the cream for which I give you the recipe: Lanoline 5 grams; sweet almond oil, 5 grams; sulphur precipitate, 5 grams; oxide of zinc, 11.3 grams; extract of violet, 10 drops. Apply

The Evening World Fashion Patterns.

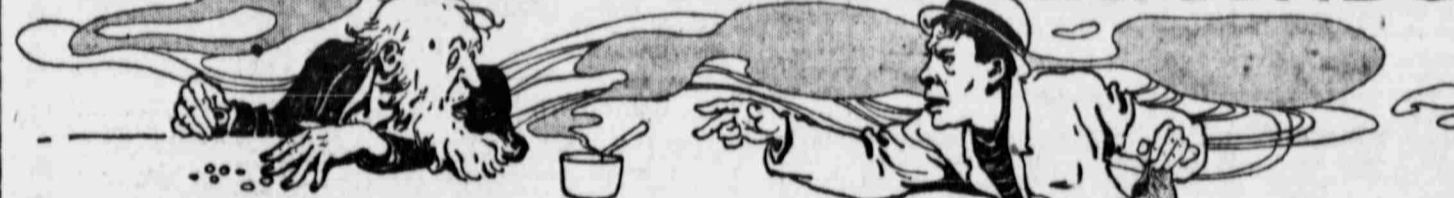
Designed by May Manton.



Pretty Kimono Jacque.

Send money to "Casher, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

THE VARICK STREET DIAMONDS



A Thrilling New York Romance of Love, Mystery and a Miser's Gold.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jared Haskins, an old miser and receiver of stolen jewels, is in terror lest James Rathbone (whom his lying testimony sent to prison) will, on his release, kill his false accuser. He learns that Rathbone is pardoned. Haskins owns an old house in Varick street, where he is waited on by Jane Shole the caretaker.

He has a daughter, Madeline, who thinks him a praiser. She is engaged to Harold Fenton, a lawyer. One night Jared does not return home from Varick street. Harold calls and seems much perturbed. Madeline remembers that Jared has given her a sealed packet, with instructions to open it should he ever disappear.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued.)

A Mysterious Cipher and a Pledge of Vengeance—An Appeal to the Police—"There Is Death in the Room!"

SITTING down she tore open the envelope and read the inclosure.

"Madeline! If you have obeyed my wishes, you have not opened this until you have missed me. I have a strange story to tell you—one that will move you deeply. I have deceived you—have been constantly deceiving you for many years. I am writing this to let you know the truth in the event of that happening which I have a presentiment is going to happen very soon—my death. I have lived a double life, under a double name. To you I have always been your father, Jared Bentley, poor, struggling, helpless and dependent. Others have known my real name—Jared Haskins, of No. 183 Varick street. It is there that you must seek tidings of me when you miss me. There is only one man in the world who knows that I am not poor, as you have thought me; who knows that years ago I was what many people would call rich. That man is my deadly enemy. Five years ago he attempted to murder me and was punished for his crime by being sentenced to State prison for twenty years. Then he took an oath that he would kill me if I was alive when he came out of prison. He is already free and is likely at any moment to kill me. His motives are two—hatred of me and desire of my riches. Do you understand that Madeline? Riches! I am rich! I, who seemed never to have

a penny, who took your earnings to pay for my food and lodging; who went in rags and boasted to you when I had earned a dollar. I am rich beyond your wildest dreams. If I am dead when you read this, look for my murderer in that man. His name is one that I told you never to forget—James Rathbone. Remember, James Rathbone. The police know him well. Tell them it is he who has killed me and remind them of his threat to murder me uttered in the court when he was convicted five years ago."

"Now, remember also, that you will have all I possess. Everything will be yours, everything—but on this condition. You must avenge my murder. Hunt down my murderer without mercy; hunt him down to death. I charge this upon you. He thinks to kill an old, helpless man without any friends to avenge him. It is your task, your work, your solemn duty to prove him false, taken, to prove that I am not helpless nor without friends, but that you are powerful enough to bring him to justice."

"As to his designs upon my wealth, I have taken measures to thwart them. Just as you will never that he is mistaken in thinking he can murder me with impunity, so you will have the wealth he covets. His last for riches shall destroy him. Go to the manager of the Twentieth National Bank, where you wait with me recently when I pretended to you that would get some typewriting work. Give him the enclosed letter and he will explain all to you and give you certain papers which I have deposited with him. The papers that you will receive at the bank are my will, made in your favor, a list of all I possess fastened to the will, and the deeds of the house in Varick street and that in Twenty-seventh street. Both are mine. Now, bear this in mind: Do not sell a stick or stone of either house until you have got all the papers at the bank. This is most urgent. Read them, learn them, study them until you understand them. You alone, perhaps, will ever be able to read them. If you are beaten in any of your struggles, remember that you always have your typewriter to rely upon. Remember this also: The first thing to do is to tell of my death to the police. Then go to the Varick street house."

"She decided on the latter. When she arrived there she found the house dark and locked.

"Known to you as Jared Bentley," the first effect of this letter upon Madeline was to confuse and frighten and distress her beyond measure. At first she could scarcely grasp the meaning. She carefully read it once more.

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